## AN INDIANA WOMAN

Has written a very interesting story called "The Wrong Man." Now, who is "The Wrong Man?" The wrong man in this community is he who fails to note the bargains we now offer in

## Fall and Winter Wear

In Suits for Children, Boys, Youths and Men, and in

### FALL OVERCOATS

#### Do You Wear Pants?

If you do we will call your attention to the fact that we are now showing a lot of FIVE-DOLLAR PANTS in twenty different styles—goods that cannot be bought in any other house in the city for less than \$5 and \$7.

#### Fall Overcoats.

Ask to see them. Elegant and excellent. In every way desirable. From \$6 to \$20.

#### School Suits.

Our \$3 School Suits are excellently made up, and are in handsome stylish goods.

Give your boys a chance at 'em.

#### Boys' Underwear

Boys' Underwear at TWENTY-FIVE CENTS, worth double the money.

#### Men's Suits.

We take pride in showing our Men's FIFTEEN-DOL-LAR SUITS. These are in better variety and in every way superior to any like-priced suits ever shown in this city.

We have them in Sacks, 3button Cutaway Frocks and in Double-breasted Sacks.

# Original Eagle 5 and 7 West Washington St.

AMERICA'S OLDEST VOTER

George Hubbard of Marion County, Has Voted for All but Three Presidents.

He Is 104 Years Old-Pioneer Experiences in the Wilds of Indiana-Remarkable Memory and Physical Vigor of a Centenarian.

Indianapolis Letter in Chic co Tribune. George Hubbard, of Mapleton, bitched up his family carriage-horse yesterday and brought his father into the city, where he is to spend a few days with his daughter, Mrs. Samuel Record, at No. 314 East Market street. The average age of George and his father is ninety-one years. There is an older brother, a resident of lows, whose age with his father's averages ninetythree years. George, who is the boy baby of the family, is nearly eighty years old, and his lows brother is two years older. Their father was born in 1784, so that he is now 104 years old. After George had taken his father to Mrs. Record's, yesterday, he returned home, like a dutiful son, and went to work. He had agreed to

When the Tribune correspondent called at George Hubbard's residence in Mapleton, an old man—the oldest looking man the reporter had ever seen—was just returning from his work,

do some carpentering and glazing for Dr. Carter.

the village druggist, and it was urgent that the

"I was just going down to the drug store to see your son," the reporter said as he approached the old man, whom he supposed was the old "grandfather." "I wanted to get something from him about yourself."

The old man's face brightened up, his eye twinkled, and a smile stole across his countenance.
"Why, I'm the boy," he said, "I took father

into the city this morning. You will have to go there if you want to see him.

"Father and we two boys voted for Gen. William Henry Harrison in 1836 and 1840. I do not suppose there is a parallel case in the country. For nearly sixty years we three have been voting all one way. We were Whigs those days and have been Republicans since the Whigs ceased to exist."

In response to rapping at the door of a modest cottage in this city a woman, perhaps seventy-five years of age, made her appearance.

"I am Mrs. Record," she said. "Father is here. He has just arisen from his nap and will be glad to see you."

Mrs. Record conducted the visitor into a small sitting-room in which were two old men, a gray-haired woman and a baby.

"This is my husband," she said, pointing to an eld man who was taking a quiet nap in an easy-chair, "this is my daughter," meaning the gray-

haired woman, and this is her grandchild," indicating the prattler on the floor.

Then going over to an old gentleman who sat beside the window reading a newspaper she stooped to his ear and, speaking somewhat above the ordinary tone, said: "Father, here is a gentleman who wants to talk with you."

The venerable man arose nimbly, extended his hand, and said: "I am glad to meet you, sir,"

He then folded the paper he had been reading and laid it on the table of a sewing-machine beside him.

"I was just looking up the news of the day," he said with unconcern.

"Are you able to read the fine print of newspapers?"
"O, yes," he replied. "Sometimes I have to go a little slow, but I can generally get all there is in a newspaper at one sitting."

The old man's countenance was interesting. The ravages of time had left him yet with a bright blue eye, his cheeks are full of lines but not much sunken, and his mouth has capacity of expression unusual in men forty years his junior. The deepest marks of time are in his brown and withered bands, which, despite his great age, are "steady as a clock to-day," to quote his expression. His voice is clear and strong, though he keys it high, as most persons do who have defective hearing.

do who have defective hearing.
"I thought I'd come into town," he said, "and see my girl here. Seems like the older a man gets the more interesting his children become to him."

to him."

The old man laughed heartily at his humor. and his daughter added a pettish apology as if undertaking to reveal the childlike way her father wanted her to have.

There was a round of laughter, and then the old man went on to tell of his present health.
"I was blind for three years," he said. Cataracts grew over my eyes, but since they were removed I have had excellent sight. I wear one pair of glasses when I read and another pair when I walk, but that is not unusual for younger men than me."

"To what do you attribute your great age?"

"I always lived as close to nature as I could. Exercise, good food, warm clothing, and sleep—and nothing else than these—have kept me in good health. I never used tobacce in my life, and have had little to do with stimulants.

Mrs. Record said her father usually retired

early—at 7 or 8 o'clock—and arose at 4 or 5. He had for a number years taken a nap after dinner. His diet usually excluded meats because he feared indigestion. He drank coffee and tea. "I farmed until a few years ago," the old man said, "and then I moved into the village. I had get so I wasn't much account on a farm."

Being asked for a sketch of his life, he gave these data: "I was born in Sussex county, Delaware, March 27, 1784. When I was six years old my parents moved to North Carolina. I re-member the trip well. I lived with my parents until I was twenty-two years old, and then I concluded to roam around in the West awhile. That was in 1804. We hadn't any steam-cars in those days, and there wasn't any boats on the river. I saddled a little roan nag one day and set out. All the West was one great wilderness then. Not a path had been broken through the big forests of this State, and we had no guides to show us the way. It was just a dive into the big woods, and if you got lost get out the best you could or make the most of staying. A young fellow who didn't like adventure staid at home those times. That was before General Harrison whaled the Injuns, and the woods was full of redskins.

"When I first saw Cincinnati they were rolling logs away from the levee, and that was the only well cleared spot in the town. There were logs and stumps everywhere about the old south market-house."

Mr. Hubbard related in an entertaining manner a number of hunting ancedotes, showing a remarkable recollection of even the most trivial details of events which occurred eighty years

As to the markmanship of the frontiersmen he said: "They were the most remarkable shots under the sun. Big, stout men, their nerves were steady, their eyes as true and strong as steel. Their guns were perfect carriers and nothing got away that they were leveled on."

Two years of life in the great forests had appeased the appetite of the young man for "roam-

"After that long a time I went back home ahorseback," he said, "and settled me down to Nancy Thomas. Pretty soon after that Nancy and I bundled up a little plunder and started for the West. We stopped in Ohio for some time, but finally moved down into the Territory, settling in what's now Dearborn county of State. In 1810 I had a little patch of ground cleared up and was a pretty thrifty farmer. Then the war with the Indians broke out, and I entered the service under Captain Spencer. We built a block-house down branch of the Miami river. into which all the women were collected. Then we were sent away into the woods to keep the Indians from getting help from the south or from escaping across the Ohio river. I was in that service when the battle of Tippecance was fought and the treaty signed which closed out

Block-houses were built and owned by communities. They were a sort of fort into which the women and children were assembled in times of peril. Frequently the block-houses were occupied only at night, the families returning to their homes at the approach of the succeeding day. The architectural form of the block-houses made them impregnable.

"Two houses and a palisade avenue connecting them made up the general ground work," Mr. Hubbard said in describing these pioneer forts. "The houses were built up solid of logs so cut that the joints fitted closely. At the height of about ten feet longer logs were laid cross the top of the house so that the floor jutted over. allowing a walk round and above the outer house, which was used by guards in protecting the house from being set on fire. The palisades connecting the houses were ten feet high. There was a heavy gate in the center of one side of the inclosure, and it was covered by the port-holes of both buildings. . The entrance to the houses was by heavy gates connecting with the palisades. Admittance to the upper floor was gained by steps which were drawn up when not in use."

"How far distant was your closest neighbor?"

"When I first moved into Dearborn county

my hopse was furthest west of any individual home in the county. There were posts west of us, but no separate houses. I guess our nearest neighbor was Gen. William Henry Harrison, who lived at North Bend. His house was on our way to Cincinnati. I often saw the old General in passing his house. He was a sociable old gentleman, who had a home which, in those days, attracted a good deal of attention, as you may have heard, for its cider-barrel and gourd. It was a cabin, such as you see to-day in the back woods, but it had more than eider and gourds; it was full of books and gave the General great fame for his wisdom. I recollect I was geing by his place once when the freshets had made the road impassable. A friend was with me and we had proceeded as far as we could without having to return. The old General was out in a clear space before his house. He called to us: 'Gentlemen, don't you think you are getting out of your way down there? We told him we guessed we were not. Then he told us the road was cut away at a point round the hill and invited us to walk across his field. He came down to the course we had to take across the lot and had quite a talk with us."

which the hero of Tippecanoe was held by those who knew him. "People often came far to see him," said the old man.

Mr. Hubbard's long white hair is one of the evidences of his great strength. It gives him the appearance of a college professor. His face is clean-shaven, and, what is remakable, he uses the razor with his own hand. Speaking of the

Mr. Hubbard spoke of the high regard in

that he could do pretty well at target-shooting. There were hunting glasses which would provide for the deficiencies of his vision, and he had no fear that the gun would vibrate. In his youth Mr. Hubbard weighed about 140 pounds. He thinks he will weigh that now, but he would probably not reach ninety pounds.

As to other old people he said: "I do not know of any man who has voted longer than I have. I voted at all the elections for President except those at which Washington, Adams and Jefferson were chosen. I expect to live long enough to vote for two or three more Republican Presidents."

Those who know Mr. Hubbard as an industrious farmer, an upright neighbor, and a good citizen, love him. He has the wishes of them all for many more years of life. The records of the War Department showing the age of Mr. Hubbard when he entered the army in 1810—he was then twenty-six years old—authenticate the story of his great age.

#### The Mysterions Balloon Message.

POUGHEEPSIE, N. Y., Sept. 29.—Referring to a press dispatch of last night stating that a silk balloon with its car deserted had been found on Cumberland Hall, near Providence. R. I., labeled "Carl Myers, Mohawk, N. Y., and a penciling pinned to the basket reading, "Met our death in the clouds," Madame Charlotte, who made a balloon ascension here yester-day, says: "On the 26th inst. Leona Dare and Carlotta, wife of Carl Myers, were to have had a balloon race from Syracuse, and yesterday Carlotta was to have made an ascension from Lockport. The name found on the lost balloon is that of my manager, Carl Myers. I cannot believe that Carlotta or Dare are hurt, though they may be. If they saw they were going to land in a bad place, either on land or water, and that death was certain, they would have had time to pencil something and then jump out. I've not heard anything in relation to the matter, which makes me think it can't be either of them, though it seems to be Carl Myers's balloon. Perhaps I have not been telegraphed for fear I would be frightened.

How Whitescre Swindled His Bank. HUTCHINSON, Kan., Sept. 29.-Allen Whiteacre, nineteen years old, who has been acting as an assistant book-keeper in the Hutchinson National Bank, had a preliminary examination, vesterday, on the charge of embezzlement. His peculations amount to about \$2,200, and have been carried on for a year. He would get a check drawn by himself upon the Hutchinson National Bank cashed by merchants who did business with another bank. The merchant would deposit the check in the bank where his account was, and in the clearing, which was done by Whiteacre, the check would fall into his hands and be destroyed. He would then charge the amount to a depositor to make the cash balance at night. The amounts were credited back to the depositors' accounts and their accounts made good, and the whole amount charged to the the certificate account. The court held the defendant in the sum of \$6,000 for his appearance at the District Court.

Discovery of Hidden Treasure. FRANKLIN, Ky., Sept. 29.-Yesterday morning two well-dressed strangers arrived in this city on the early train, and inquired the way to an old mill operated by a man named Whiteside, and, procuring a buggy at a livery stable, they went out to the mill and spent the entire day in digging up the earth in various places. They returned to the city about night and left on the first train. They told Whiteside that they were from St. Louis, and if their business here turned out profitable they would reward him for his trouble in assisting them in finding the mill. They did not state what their mission was, but some of the country folks about, seeing their strange motions, surmised that there was hidden treasure around the mill, and a man named Hendricks went out this morning with a pick and spade, and after digging for some time finally unearthed an old keg with \$2,700 in gold carefully packed thereis.

The Fugitive Banker Waldron. DETROIT, Mich., Sept. 29 .- A cablegram received here states that Charles W. Waldron. the Hillsdale banker who converted all his assets into cash and eloped with Mrs. Bidwell, of Quincy, is in London, and announces Waldron's intention to return here soon and straighten out matters. The gentleman who received this cable also received a letter from Waldron, mailed at Berlin, on Sept. 13, in which Waldron explains why he went away. He says he had family troubles which induced him to leave home. The Bidwell woman wanted to go with him, be says, and he took her as far as Montreal, where he gave her a small sum of money and told her to go. He continued his journey and went direct to Berlin. In the letter Waldron says the money he raised was obtained in a perfectly legitimate way, on good securities, and that after paying it all back, which he says he will do, he will have a quarter of a million

Taken Out of the Receiver's Hands.

CHARLESTON, W. Va., Sect. 29.—An order was entered by the Circuit Court in this city, also in the court at Richmond, Va., taking the C. & O. railroad out of the hands of the receiver. President Ingalls has taken full charge of the road, and it will be reorganized without delay.

CLARA BELLE'S SUNDAY TALK

Beautiful, Famous and Interesting Women on Exhibition in New York City,

Including Amelie Rives-Chanler, Mrs. James Brown Potter and Baroness Blanc-Fair Volunteers for a Sacrificial Mission.

Special to the Indianapolis Journal. New York, Sept. 29.-Some beautiful and otherwise interesting women have been exhibiting themselves kindly to the public this week. Perhaps the foremost of them was Amelie Rives-Chanler. She seemed resolved to gratify public curiosity concerning her. Her husband registered her and himself at a leading hotel, and the newspaper editors promptly sent reporters to talk with her. Her visitors were received amiably by Mr. Chanler, who introduced them to his distinguished wife. He was manifestly very proud of her, and she was a obviously ready to be reported for publication. She chatted by the column, and doubtless considerable of this matter has, ere this, come under the attention of my readers. She went to three these are on three avenings and on each to three theaters on three evenings, and on each occasion she sat in a proscenium box, while in front of her on the railing were set several bas-kets of flowers. These floral pieces were not provided by the theatrical managers, as might be supposed, but were ordered by the eccentric bride. Each time they were brought in to the boxes by a district messenger, and, after the performance, conveyed by him to her hotel rooms. There are no two pairs of eyes that see a thing exactly alike. Mrs. Rives-Chanler has been described as the most ethereal of human creatures. gestive of spirituality. The truth lies about midway between those observations, according to the judgment of your correspondent. She is a beautiful girl, with an expression of good breeding and refinement in her face. She seems to be one of those young ladies, such as all of us know, who inclose a spirit of adventurous daring in a delicate and demure physique. "I have opened my eyes and ears for New York city material ht to use in stories," said Mrs. Eives-Chanler, "but the trouble of it is that truth is very often too strange to be used in fection. But I have discovered one character that I have no doubt I shall use, sooner or later. Old Mother Jarvis is just dead at St. Vincent's Hospital. She was a remarkable old creature. I had seen her on my last visit to New York, several years ago. She was a massage operator, and she had customers, or patients, in several wealthy families. The sight of her was enough to scare one, for she looked like a witch. Nevertheless, ladies with the most sensitive imaginale nerves hired her to rub, and punch, and knead them, after the manner of the massage treatment. They imagined that she possessed peculiar, electrical merit of some kind. Anyhow, she was an adept at her work, and two or three great physicians habitualy recommended her. She charged two dellars an hour, but pretended that a single hour's work exhausted her vitality for the day, and that, therefore, her price was not unreasonable. She by means of hints and devices, to get her patrons to give discarded clothes to her. Well, a little while ago she was found helplessly weak and ill in her rooms—they were at 272 West Thirtyeighth street-and she was taken to the hospital to die. I have personally investigated the case of old Mother Jarvis, and I find that she was a Taiser of the most pronounced and extreme type. She lived in absolute want and squalor, friendless and alone. For forty-three years she had occupied the same two miserable rooms. Their furniture was old and broken, her wardrobe consisted of rags, except a single gown in which she went to visit her patients. All the rest of the clothing given ber had been pawned or sold. It had been her practice to get as many meals as possible with the servants in the residences of her patrons, and at home she commonly went hungry rather than buy anything to eat. When compelled to purchase food, it was of the very cheapest and plainest. In-deed, what finally killed her was irregularity, and frequently lack of nourishment. She was seventy-one years old, and had no relative, so far as now known. A search of her rooms was

make her readable without exaggerating her a Mrs. James Brown Potter, or, as she calls herself now, Cors Potter, got back from Europe and invited public attention in the usual ways. She is being industriously proclaimed for her forthcoming dramatic season, and a resort has even been had to the Langtry device of claiming the Prince of Wales's admiring favor. It seems to be a fact that Wales did go to the railway station to see her off when she started for home. We happen to have with us this week a very mild and weak specimen of the society amateur in the lovely person of Mrs. O'Sullivan Dimp-fel, who came to us accredited as a Baltimore belle. It is hardly correct to say that she is playing a part in a tank melodrama, because her efforts are too feeble to describe as acting. She seems to be perfectly satisfied with her features repose, and has determined not to disturb them by any expression of emotion. The most dreadful horrors of the scenes in which she is supposed to be vitally concerned do not so much as lift her eyebrows in surprise, or cause the slightest tremor of concern. But there is one thing about which the dainty Mrs. Dimpfel has determinedly made up her mind. She will not be kissed by actors. She has a brother and allover in the play, and in some of the episodes they are called upon to lavish endearments upon her. The stage directions are that they shall embrace and kies her. But they have not yet been able to accomplish the osculation except in a most imperfect manner. She submits to the hugs, although not without evincing an upsuitable disinclination. But when either of the actors undertakes in the interests of dramatic effect to explode a kiss on her lips or a cheek she dodges the issue, and the smack is left in midair, or at most only finds a place on her ear, her hair or some other utterly irresponsive spot of her elusive head. These little kissing matches are comically introduced into sentimental scenes, and they make the spectators laugh. Mrs. Potter was a witness of them one evening. and with her sat Kyrle Bellew, her sweetheart of the stage. She snickered behind her fan at the funny sight. "What do you think of Mrs. Dimpfel's shyness?" she was asked. "I think that it is foolish prudery," Mrs. Potter replied, "and she ought to stop it right

made immediately after her death, and in out-

of-the-way places about \$13,000 was found hid-

den. To her last breath she had kept the pos-

session of this wealth a secret, apparently hop-

ing to survive and regain it. Now, what more

dramatic or absorbing character could be imag-

ined than Old Mother Jarvis, going about in

wealthy households, manipulating the forms of

avalid ladies, while in her miscrable quarters

she was starving and hoarding. I believe I can

shall be kissed, she ought to submit to it graciously." "Do you mean that she should be actually and truly kissed?" "Yes, I do. The time of stage artificiality bas gone by. The kings and queens of the drama used to wear cotton-flannel ermine and paper muslin satin, but fashionable audiences of the present day won't stand that flimsy sort of thing. Realism possesses the stage. Scenery and costumes must be genuine, to all appearances, else they will not satisfy the improved and exacting public taste. The same change has taken place in regard to acting. Loud exaggerations and manifest artifices are bygone, and naturalness must now be very closely simulated. Now, kissing is an unavoidable element in the expression of various kinds of affection, and so actresses of emotional parts must needs be kissed. Moreover, the kissing is so closely and critically watched that subterfuga will not answer. I don't mean to say that there need be any real heartiness in it, but it must have that appearance, and the actress who dodges the lips of her pretended jover, as Mrs.

Dumpfel does, simply ruins the situation."

Kyrle Bellew was asked for his opinion, and

he said that he agreed exactly with Mrs. Potter.

away. If the situation demands that an actress

It would be strange if he didn't. More distinguished by means of personal exploit than any of the ladies already mentioned is the Baroness Blanc, about whom so much was written last summer at Long Branch and Saratoga. She has come back to town with a fashionable whoop and stylish harrah. Many ladies of wealth and position become very picturesque at the summer resorts, and especially in their equipages are they more circus-like than they would dream of being in the city. The showiness of the Lake drive at Saratoga or the Ocean avenue at Long Branch gives place in their cases to the plainness of elegance when they get back to Broadway and Central Park, mut the beautiful Baroness abates none of her occentricity of display. At just this season of the year, before the weather demands inclosure for out-door comfort on wheels, the open victoria is the favorite vehicle of ladies, as it has been in the country during the summer; but in its city use its occupants viear quiet costumes excepting the Baroness, whose garb continues gay, and as to whose outfit the only change that I have noted is the chaining fast of her bull-dog. This beast is so ugly that his mistress has been suspected of aiming at the manifest advantage

of contrast in always taking him along in her

carriage. He has been trained to stand up on

his hind legs deferentially, very much like the manner of the coachman and lackey, until she is seated, when he leaps in and lies down at her feet, with his unornamental head sticking out at one side of the carriage. He is at his post in town, but so are the official dog catchers, and the Baroness has had a strong yet ornate bronze chain attached firmly to the carriage at one end, while the other locks securely into the buil-dog's collar. Thus she is enabled to defy the ordinance which says that all dogs shall be muzzled. The dog catcher would have to be an expert lock-picker in order to capture this particular dog without taking along the rest of the establishment. Of all the people who roll on wheels in the city of New York nobody is just now commanding more attention than the Baroness as she dashes through the fashionable thorough-

There is a good woman in town who proposes

to take a company of her sisters about as far

away as the mind can conceive from the joys of

civilization. She is Sister Mary Bonaventure, of the Franciscan order of nuns. She is recruiting nurses for the leper hospital in the

Sandwich Islands. Travelers have repeatedly

described the Island of Maui, to which lepers

are banished by the Sandwich Islands govern-

ment, and where the hopeless horrors of the diseased colonists have excited the pity of the

world. Mark Twain's pen became serious in depicting the sights at Wailuku, the principal settlement, where a thousand of the stricken

persons have been located. Sister Mary Bonaventure was born in New York. Her name was

Mary Hennessey, and she was the daughter of a fairly-prosperous builder, who was able to have her excellently educated at the seminary of the Sacred Heart. She became religiously

devout, and decided to become a nun. In this she was not opposed by her father, and she was aided by Father Philip Hennessey, a Jersey

City priest and her cousin. After a few years of service in a hospital here, she learned that nurses were greatly needed for the lepers of Maui, and she startled her friends by announcing that she was going to volunteer. That was eleven years ago, at a time when the Sandwich Islanders were hunting out all the cases of lep-rosy that could be found, in order to isolate them. Her services were gladly accepted, and she soon became the head of the small but devoted force of nurses, all of whom were Franciscan sisters. This visit is her first return to America. She is a pleasant-faced, sweet-tempered woman of forty, with a touch of jollity in her manner, despite the habitual decorum of her profession. "Pray excuse me from talking to you about the particulars of leprosy," she said to your correspondent. "Scientific observers have written very copiously on the subject, and tourists have told-truthfully enough, it is ead to admit-of the condition of the poor, doomed wretches. I can throw one gleam of side-light upon the darkness of Maui by saying that the lepers do not, as a rule, suffer greatly from pain. Their disease becomes awful, it is true, but their senses correspondingly decline and there is comparatively little of acute suffering. I have lived among them at the Wailuku Hospital, as do twelve other Franciscan sisters. There is a complete staff of physicians provided by the government, and they do all that can be done in a medical way, while a complement of Roman Catholic priests devote themselves to the spiritual welfare of the lepers. But there is a lack of women as nurses, and my errand to New York is to secure volunteers. I cannot say to them that any earthly reward would await them there, save the consciousness of having performed a duty. Nor can I give any assurance against their contracting leprosy themselves. Some of the priests, physicians and nurses have fallen a prey to it. It is not scientifically settled whether leprosy is contagious, for it is possible that in these instances the taint was inherited, for the persons were all of Honolulu birth. But some of our physicians believe that it is altogether a disease of contagion and not of inher-

itance. So, you see, no assurance can be given. Those who go with me must take their lives in Four volunteers have thus far been accepted by Sister Mary Bonaventure for her singularly sacrificial mission. They are already members of one or another Roman Catholic order. Applications have been made by several other women not deemed desirable. One was a desperately reckless girl, who seemed to be actuated by a desire to go as far off as possible from normal, healthy life. Another was thoughtfully sincere enough is her purpose, but was a victim of consumption, and only robust persons are suitable for the work. A third was rejected because she was a Protestant in religion, and a fourth because she was far too wicked to enjoy any religion at all. But Sister Mary expects to complete a round dozen of zealous, healthy and consecrated women, who have already vowed a renunciation for life of the follies of the world. and who will deliberately remove themselves from fair sights into the ghastly repulsiveness of the Island of Maul. CLARA BELLE.

#### HOCKING VALLEY ARBITRATION.

The Text of the Award Made by the Arbitrators-A Verdict for the Defendants.

Columbus, O., Sept. 29.—This morning there was obtained the official award of the arbitrators in the case of John W. Shaw et al. vs. Stevenson Burke et al., the celebrated suit involving \$8,000,000 alleged to be due from the former owners of the Columbus, Hocking Valley & Toledo Railway Company. This is the first official expression concerning the outcome of the famous arbitration. By it the litigation of years is estopped and the rights alleged are irrevocably settled. That the matter is now a thing of the past can be seen from the award, the full text of which is as follows:

"We, James C. Carter, W. Kittredge and Lawrence Maxwell, jr., arbitrators, having, pursuant to the agreement of arbitration entered into between the Columbus, Hocking Valley & Toledo Railway Company, Stevenson Burke, Charles Hickox, Chas. C. Hickox, Wm. J. Mc-Kimmie, Chas. H. Andrews, Wm. M. Green, as administrators of the estate of M. M. Greene, deceased, and the Toledo & Ohio Central Railway Company, dated July 1, 1888, after due notice to all of the parties, as provided in said agreement, and their attendance before us at Saratoga, N. Y., in pursuance thereof, and having heard the evidence adduced, and the arguments of the counsel of all said parties, and having duly considered the same, do find the issues joined by the pleadings in the action betioned in the Court of Common Pleas of Licking county, Ohio, in favor of the defendants in said action, and we do hereby decide, award and direct that the said Columbus, Hocking Valley & Toledo Rallway Company is not entitled to and shall not recover in any wise, and shall not have any money, damages, accounting or other relief from the said Stevenson Burke, Charles Hickox, Charles C. Hickox, Wm. J. McKimmie, Chas. H. Andrews, William M. Greene, administrators of the estate of M. M. Greene, deceased, or the Toledo & Ohio Central Railway Company, or either of them, for, or on account of any of the matters and things alleged in the pleadings in said action and submitted to us for award by said agreement: and we award that the said Columbus, Hocking Valley & Toledo Railway Company shall be forever barred from prosecuting said action in the Court of Common Pleas of Licking county, Ohio, or any action whatspever against the said Stevenson Burke, Charles. Hickox, Charles C. Hickox, Wm. J. McKimmie, Chas. H. Andrews, Wm. M. Greene, administrators of the estate of M. M. Greene, or the Toledo & Ohio Central Railway Company, or either of them, for or on account of any of the matters and things alleged for cause of action on the pleadings in said action. We further award, that the plaintiff therein dismiss said action at its costs. We further award that the fees of the arbitrators, to-wit, the sum of \$20,000, be paid to Lawrence Maxwell, jr., for the arbitrators, one half by said Columbus, Hocking Valley & Toledo Railway Company, and one balf by the said Stevenson Burke, Chas. Hickox, Charles C. Hickox, Wm. J. McKimmie, Chas. J Andrews and Wm. M. Greene, administrators, upon the delivery of this award, and that if eaid Columbus, Hocking Valley & Toledo Railway Company, or said Stevenson Burke and others named, shall pay to the Lawrence Maxwell, the whole of the sum of \$20,000, the one-half thereof shall be repaid in cash by the other party to the party so paying, upon demand, under the protection of the receipt thereof of the said Lawrence Maxwell, jr., and as to any other expenses, costs and charges of and attending to said arbitration and award, that neither party

shall recover from the other. Witness our signatures and seals hereto, and to a duplicate hereof, this 17th day of September, 1888. "JAMES C. CARTER, F. W. KITTREDGE, "LAWRENCE MAXWELL, JR., Arbitrators." The attorneys for the defense say there have been misstatements and injustice done by publications recently, being mainly editorials based on an article published in a New York paper a few days ago, a portion of which was quoted by the Associated Press. When the arbitration committee met at Saratoga, all claims of fraud were expressly dropped by the plaintiffs and no consideration of any such matters entered into their deliberations. The attorneys also stated that the language of the award showed how untrue the statement was that the arbitrators had been severe in their strictures upon the operations of the defendants. They simply passed upon the case, and as a result gave their unani-

mous verdict unqualifiedly and without restric-

tion to the defendants. It is further stated by

them that the whole litigation is now settled.

THE VOTE OF NEW JERSEY

It Will Be Given for Harrison and Morton and the Protective Tariff.

A Close Analysis of the Political Situation-Republicans Gaining on the Labor Vote, and the Third-Party Vote Dimfuishing.

Special to the Indianapolis Journes

TRENTON, N. J., Sept. 29.-There will be no closer State than New Jersey at the coming election. That can be put down as a settled fact. New York, Connecticut and Indiana are considered as doubtful States, but New Jersey is just as doubtful. The Democrats claim it, as usual. That was to be expected. But they base their claims on the past and not on the present. It is impossible to fairly and frankly review the political situation in this State to-day and believe in Democratic victory five weeks hence. If the election was held to-morrow Harrison would come out ahead with a plurality of from 1,200 to 1,500. This estimate is based on careful observation and sharp, close figuring. It is not based on the estimates furnished by either of the State committees, or on the figures sent to the national committees and circulated in the party organs. When it is said that Harrison would carry the State to-morrow, the statement can be backed up by reasons of

In the first place, the Democratic plurality is small anyhow, and has been since 1880, when Hancock only had a plurality of a little over 2,000 votes. The Democracy has not been in a majority in New Jersey since 1876. Two years ago the Republicans, on the vote for Congressmen, had several thousand plurality. Only the large Prohibition vote (nearly 20,000) cast for General Fisk for Governor, gave the Democrats the governorship in 1886. The margin between the two great parties is very small. Blaine was ahead in 1884 until the Sunday defore the presidential election. Then the Burchard scare sent bundreds of Catholics over to Cleveland. This year there is nothing of the sort. There might be before the close of the campaign, but it isn't likely. Cleveland's plurality was slightly over 4,000. A change of 2,500 votes will turn the tide. On what is head?

will take place based? On the labor vote, in the first place. There is an undoubted feeling in favor of Harrison among the manufacturing establishments, particularly in Newark, Paterson and Trenton. There are half a dozen strong Republican clubs composed almost entirely of men who voted for Cleveland four years ago. These clubs are working hard. They are distributing the right kind of tariff literature. There are no Demo-cratic workingmen's clubs. The Democratic clubs are all composed of old-time partisans and do not number any converts. Of course this labor sentiment is uncertain as to numbers. It may run up into the thousands and it may not go beyond a few hundred. At present it is safe to say that at least 2,000 workingmen, who voted for Cleveland in 1884, intend voting for Harrison in November. They may be induced, or some of them may, to change back, but it will take mighty hard work and the presentation of abler arguments than have yet been offered by Democratic documents and orators. Butler got several thousand votes four years ago. That vote will be divided between the two labor tickets. Harrison will get a small percentage, possibly 300 or 400.

So much for the labor vote. To it may be added a pumber of votes that will be cast for Harrison by business men who have been Democrats and are Democrats still in local matters. It is a hard vote to compute. Such voters carry their ballots to the polls in their vest pockets. It is only by accident that you hear of them. They do very little talking. They don't want to get the Democratic politicians on their track. Your correspondent has run across a good many like them. But you cannot estimate them accurately. It is only safe to say that the business men who are changing politically this year in New Jersey are changing from Cleveland to Harrison. There is no movement the other way that has been ascertained. This business vote may amount to 2,000. It may not exceed 200, But it is a factor, and a factor in favor of Harrison.

But the biggest element in favor of Repub-

lican success is the decrease in the Prohibition vote. That it will drop wonderfully is admitted by scores of Probibitionists. Only the leader's who are in the employ of the Democratic party and want to make capital out of the campaign deny that the vote will drop. St. John polled nearly 12,000 votes in 1884. Of that number 9,000 were drawn from the Republican ranks. There were 10,000 Republicans who supported the ticket. Probibition and the Methodist church have been hand-maidens in New Jersey for six years. This year they are separating. There is no doubt of this. The Methodist ministers tell the tale. Where eight out of ten voted for St. John in 1884, eight out of ten will support Harrison this year. They will do this despite the unquestioned popularity of Fisk with the Methodist clergy. These clergy represent the church. Methodists feel that the Republican party last winter gave them, as Prohibitionists, all that they could reasonably ask for. The local-option bill, introduced by Republicans and passed by Republicans over the veto of the Democratic Governor, has already secured practical prohibition in four counties in the State. Every county will be in the same position provided the majority of the voters at a special election favor no license. This action of the Republicans has brought back to the ranks hundreds who wandered off into the Prohibition party between 1883 and 1887. It is perfectly safe to estimate that 5,000 old Republicans who voted for St. John will vote for Harrison in November. That alone will insure Republican victory and in placing the plurality for Harrison, in case the elections were held tomorrow, at 1,500, I am giving very low figures. The plurality ought to be nearer 2,500 or 3,000, other things being equal.

But are other things equal? In other words what gains are the Democrats making that will be likely to offset the Republican gains and darken the prospect! There are a few quarters where slight inroads may be made into the Republican ranks, but the Democrats overestimate the size of such defections. The German Republicans of Newark are not pleased with the temperance legislation adopted last winter. The Republican brewers are particularly indignant, but their displeasure will not affect the nations al ticket to any perceptible extent. Those Germans will aim to elect members of the Legislature who will vote to repeal the present high-ifcense and local-option act. There the opposition practically ceases. One of the leading German Republicans of Newark, who has tremendous influence with the German voters, told your correspondent yesterday that he did not believe the liquor question would make two hundred votes difference in the entire State so far as Harrison and Cleveland are concerned. The states ment can be relied on. The Germans are flaith. ful to the national ticket, and many of them will vote against the party nominees with a

good deal of regret. The free-traders are, of course, all Democrats. But the free-traders are small in the State, and most of them are mugwumps who left the Republican party four years ago. The Democratio organs have been making a great deal of noise over the "tariff reform" movement in Orange. They have printed a long list of old Republicans who amnounce that they will not support Harrison this year. A careful glance over the list fails to show a single name that was not included in the mugwump list of 1884. Orange is a suburb of New York, and inhabited by hundreds of wealthy New Yorkers. These mugwumps embrace a number of young lawyers who practice in the metropolis and received their free trade proclivities while at Yale, Harvard or Princetop, and a lot of importers and representatives of English houses in New York. The latter, of course, favor the party that leans so kindly toward free trade. In 1884 these mugwumps reduced the Republican plurality somewhat in Essex county. They will doubtless do the same this fall. But their strength is all computed in the 4,000 plurality Cleveland received four years ago. It is estimated in the computation given early in this letter. The total mugwump vote will be less than it was in 1884. While the Orange mugwumps remain firm, there has been a good deal of flopping back to the Republican ranks in other parts of the State, esspecially in Trenton and Newark. In placing the mugwump vote in the State at 750 to 1,000 I am giving it liberal treatment.

So in reviewing all the figures and summing up the situation outlined in this correspondence it will be seen that the advantage is decidedly with the Republicans. The Democrats make plenty of claims, but they cannot reason out their strength as the Republicans can. The German defection from the Republicans will be offset six times over by the labor defection from the Democrats, and the magwamp bolt from the Republicans is not over one-fifth the dimensions of the return of the Prohibitionists to the Republican party. Hacrison is ahead in New Jersey. He would be sure of from 1,200 to 1,50) to-morrow. He ought to do better in No. vember. It will be the fault of the Republican leaders, or it will be owing to some unfortunate and unforeseen occurrence late in the campaign if New Jersey does not enter the Republicau column this year with a plurality of nearly

or quite 2,500 votes, LAWRENCE S. MOTE.